

Reprinted from the Klown Town Crime Gazette

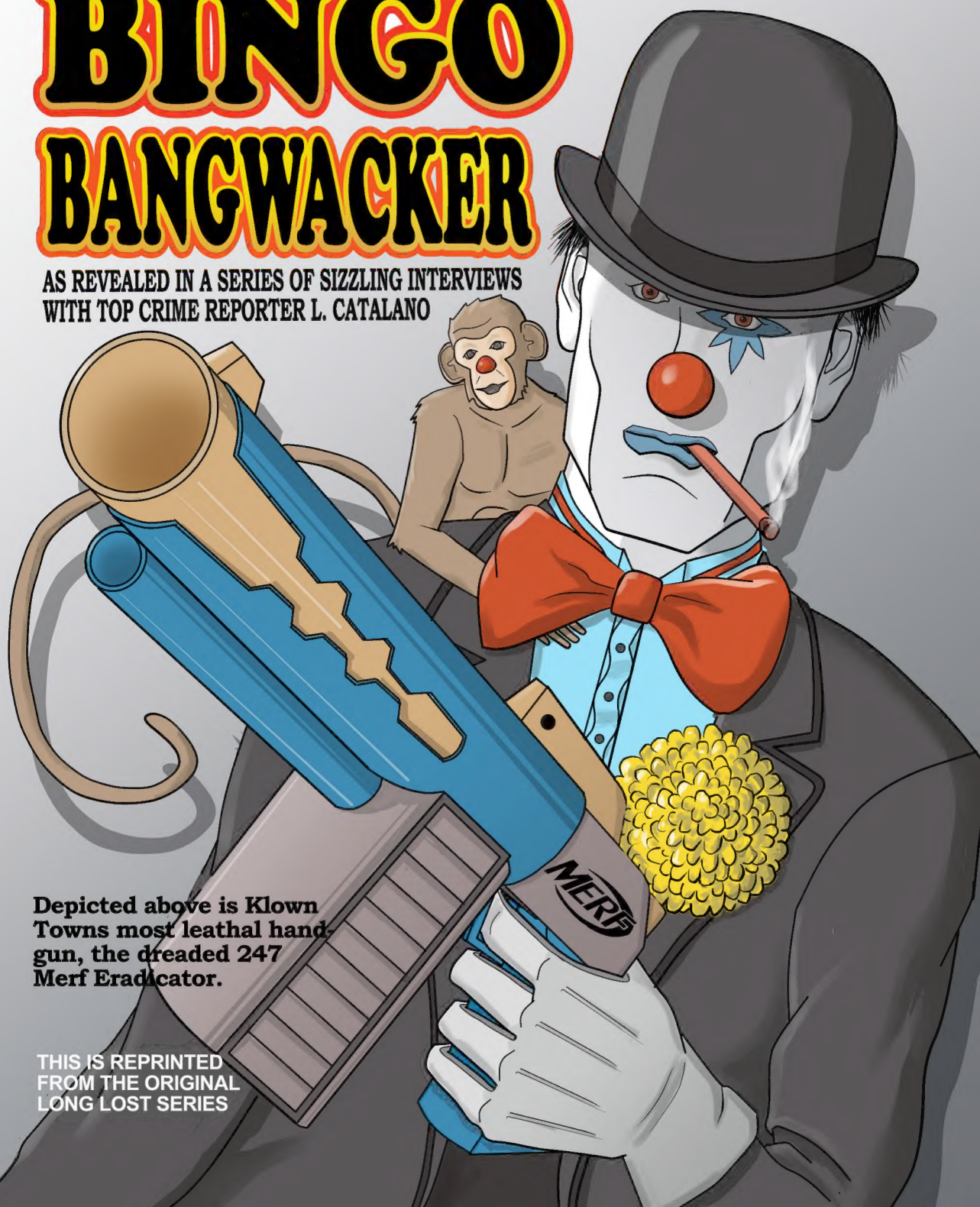
The Klown Who Never Laughed

THE VIOLENT LIFE AND TIMES OF THE NOTORIOUS

Issue Nr.1

BINGO BANGWACKER

AS REVEALED IN A SERIES OF SIZZLING INTERVIEWS
WITH TOP CRIME REPORTER L. CATALANO



Depicted above is Klown
Towns most leathal hand-
gun, the dreaded 247
Merf Eradicator.

THIS IS REPRINTED
FROM THE ORIGINAL
LONG LOST SERIES

THE VIOLENT LIFE AND TIMES OF THE NOTORIOUS BINGO BANGWACKER

SHOCKING!
SENSATIONAL!
RIVETING!

A WORD FROM OUR PUBLISHER GERALD T. FARQWAD.

In our short existence, the "Klown Town Crime Gazette" has become quite the publishing phenomenon. Hell! Now every damn kid in the world knows when to bust a "drop dead" pie gag; or how to "hitch" a Merf eradicator for a lethal kill.



They were those nay sayers who called us crazy. Imagine a bunch of "rubes" like us, as the klowns call us humans, trying to journalistically infiltrate the klown underworld. It's too dangerous, especially for rubes, they said. Klowns will never speak in confidence to a snoopy rube reporter, they said. Well friends "they" were dead wrong. Allow me to announce our next and greatest block buster exclusive, ever. You crime and gore lovers will be thrilled to know that the most infamous criminal of the modern era will be giving a series of exclusive interviews to this very rag. That's right, I'm talking about, non other then, the notorious and now legendary Klown gangster, Bingo Bangwacker.

Mr. Bangwacker was the one who actually contacted us. He expressed his complete confidence in our ability to handle his story and would entrust it to no one else. I immediately dispatched my top crime reporter, L. Catalano, to the ruthless killers prison abode, where he has been incarcerated for the "trial of the century". This is just the first of what will be an extensive series of spellbinding accounts to follow. You'll discover how hypnotizing and riveting these fact filled stories really are. It's no wonder that we have turned our entire periodical over to them.

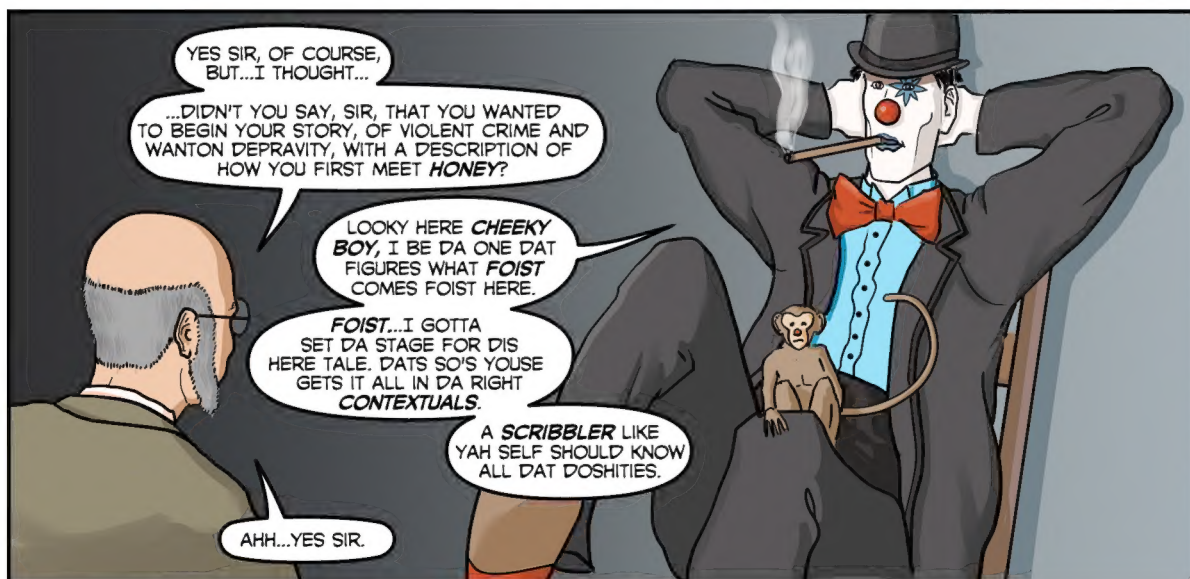
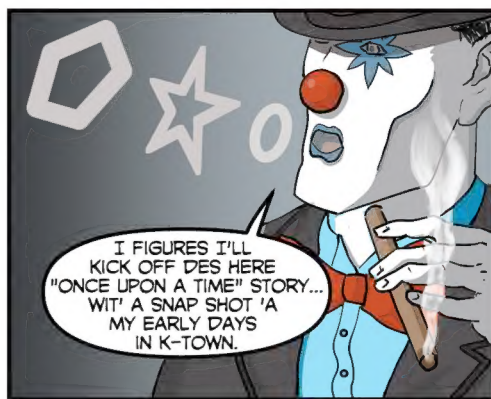
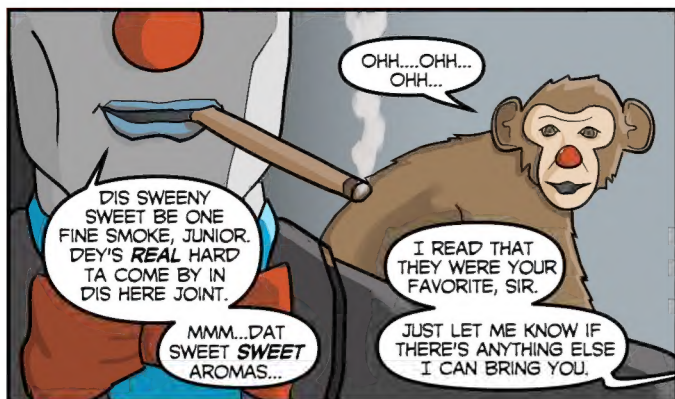


Allow me to make a personal confession, when I first heard Mr. Bangwacker's recollections of a life steeped in grizzly crime even I was shocked. That's saying something friends because, as you all know, I'm jaded as hell. Find a sturdy chair to strap yourselves into. Then prepare for the heart pounding, head bashing, throat locking, thrill riding, crime extravaganza of your lives. As Mr. Bangwacker would say, "Ha zaa, dis here be da real gashouse."

COCK-A-DOODLE DO, BUT WILL SHE DANCE WITH YOU?

Chapter one

Scribbling and docu-graphics by L. Catalano



LEMME SET DA LOCAL 'A DESE **GRANDIOSE** DRAMAS...

YOUSE RUBES CALLED IT BROOKLYN
ONCE, WHEN YAH STILL LIVED HERE.

EXIT DA RUBES AN'...
TAA DAAAH!
ENTER DA KLOWNS.

PINKY PUFFER
APPEARING AT THE
ROXY

SLEAZY
BREEZY'S
HOTSY
TOTSIES

I'LL TELL YOUSE SUMPTIN' 'BOUT DIS HERE CIRCUS 'A DA
ABSDURITIES, DAT WE IS ALL STRUTTIN' OUR SHIT DOODLES IN.

SURE...WE LIVED ON DA CORNER 'A CLOUD
CUCKOO LAND AN' DE HOTEL GRAND
GUIGNOLS...

AN' SURE...BEFUDDLEMENT AN' MAYHEMS
ABOUNDED, BUT HERE'S DA DEAL, WE LEAVE
BEHIND DA SISSY RUBE AN' BABBO WOULD
FOR DA NEW ZEITGEIST 'A DA TIMES, DA AGE
'A DA **PATOOKIE PUG**.

AND REGARD DIS, K-TOWN IS NOW A PLACE
WERE **BIG BALLS AN' A BRIGHT BEANIE**
STEAL DA SHOW.

NOT ONE 'A
DESE DUMB ASS
JUKE-ALOO'S AROUND DIS
TOWN COULD EVER MATCH
UP TA A FAST FORWARD,
STRAIGHT UP NOODLER, LIKE
YOURS TRULY. HEY!...I
AIN'T JUS' PULLIN' YUR
PECKER PAPPY.

LISTEN UP
KLOWN TOWN...
YEAH, I'M TAWKIN'
TA YOUSE.

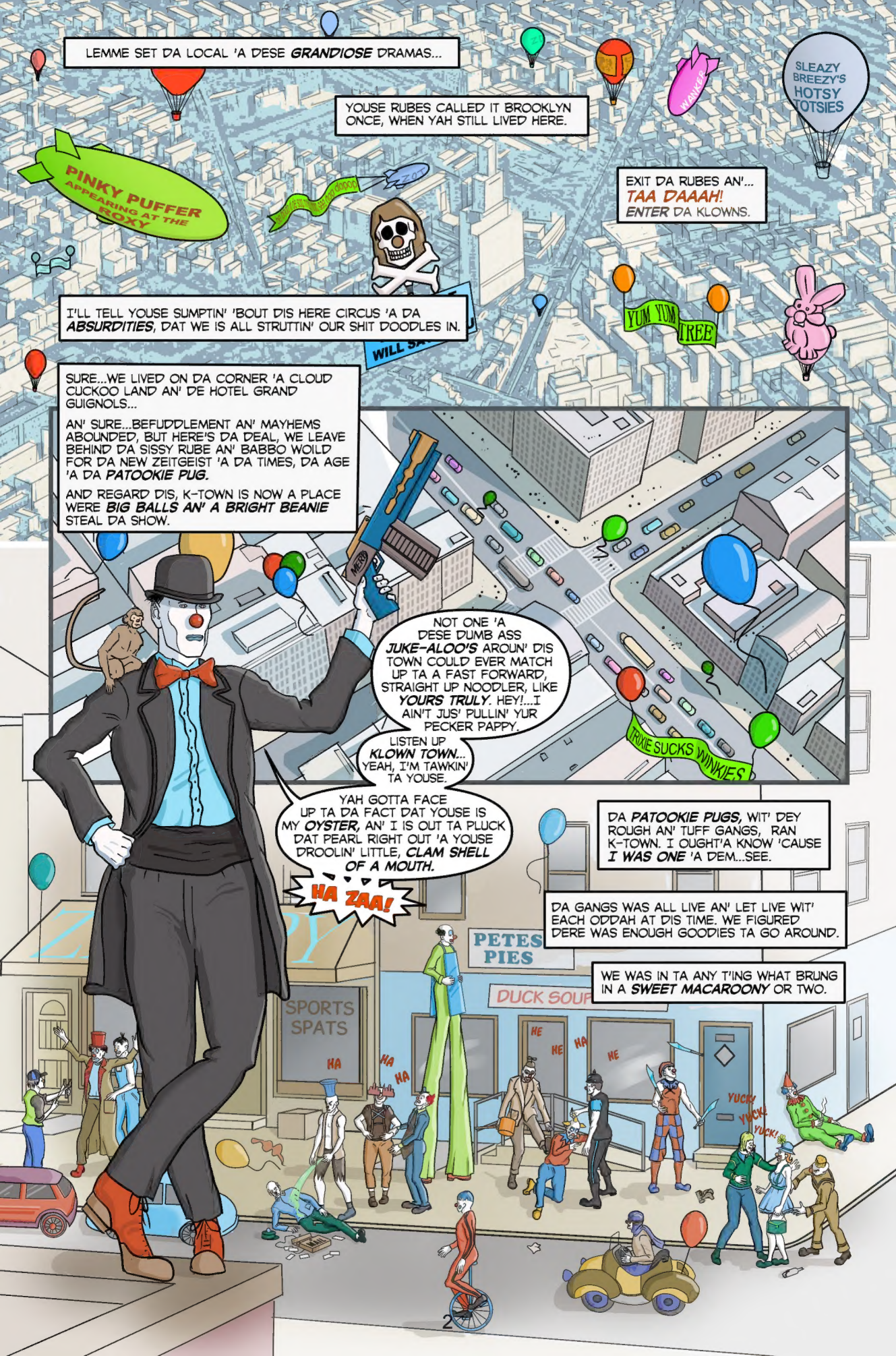
YAH GOTTA FACE
UP TA DA FACT DAT YOUSE IS
MY **OYSTER**, AN' I IS OUT TA PLUCK
DAT PEARL RIGHT OUT 'A YOUSE
DROOLIN' LITTLE, **CLAM SHELL**
OF A MOUTH.

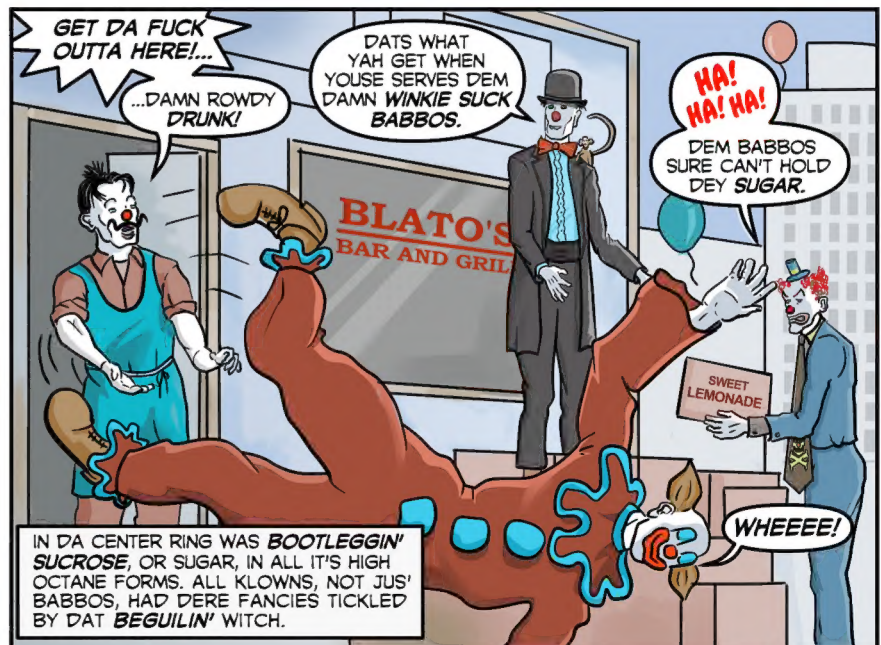
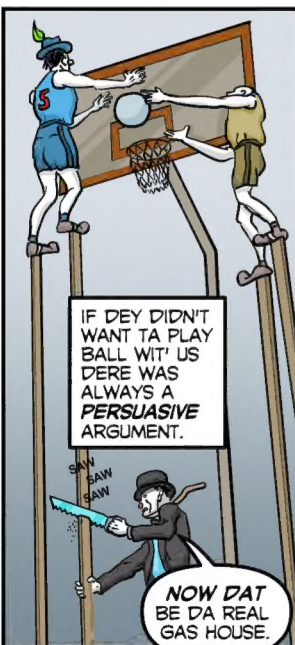
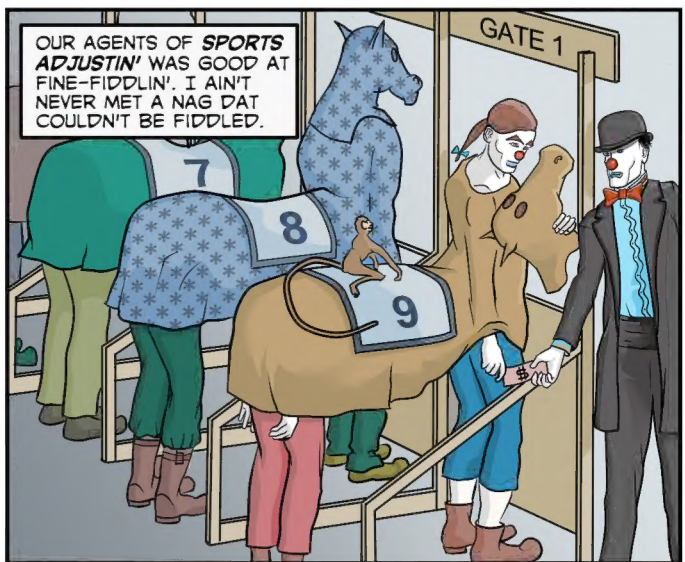
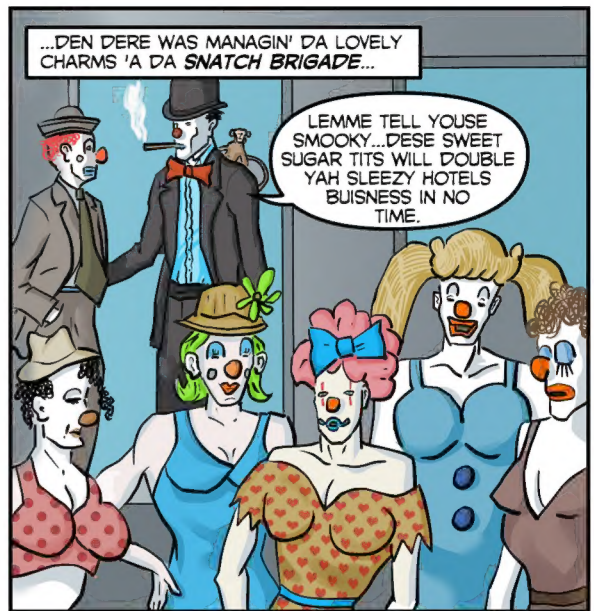
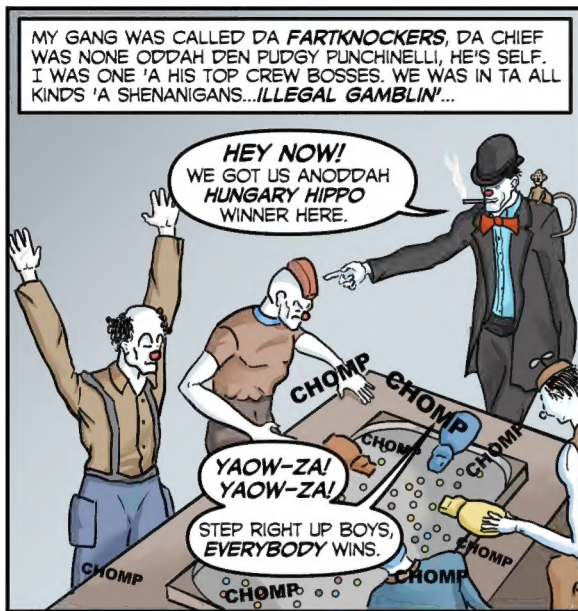
HA ZAA!

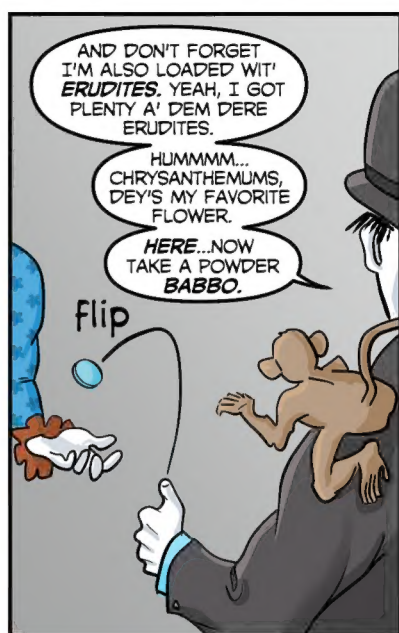
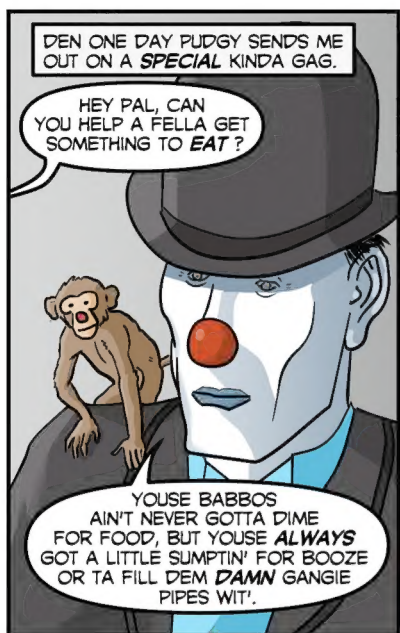
DA **PATOOKIE PUGS**, WIT' DEY
ROUGH AN' TUFF GANGS, RAN
K-TOWN. I OUGHT'A KNOW 'CAUSE
I WAS ONE 'A DEM...SEE.

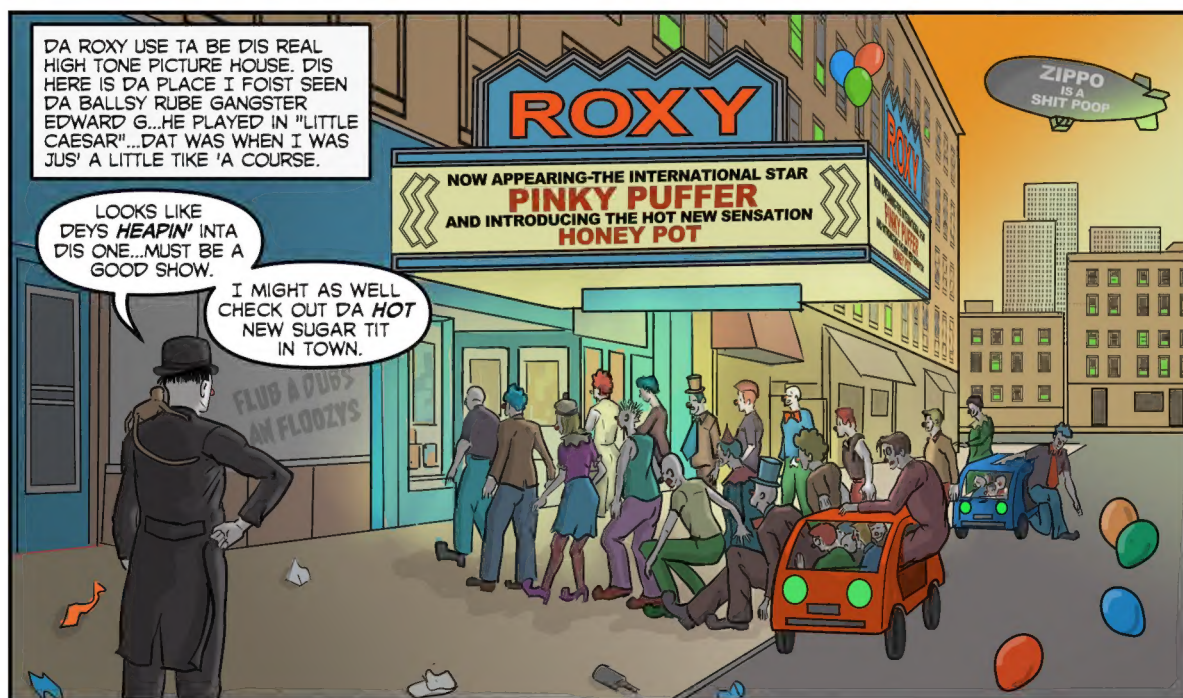
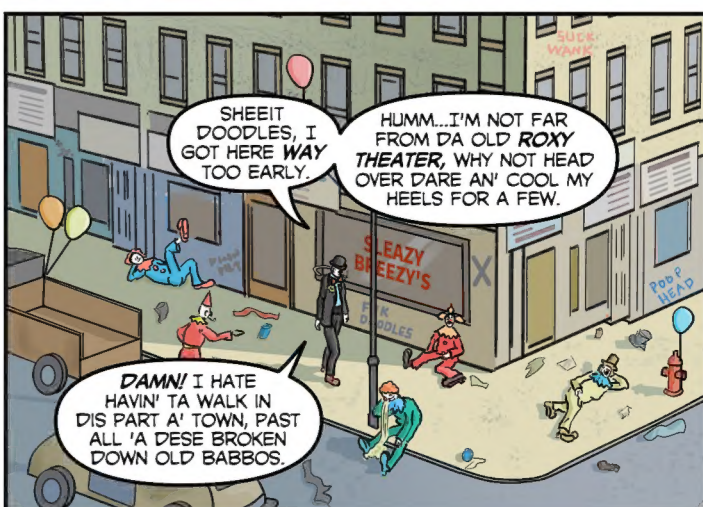
DA GANGS WAS ALL LIVE AN' LET LIVE WIT'
EACH ODDAH AT DIS TIME. WE FIGURED
DERE WAS ENOUGH GOODIES TA GO AROUND.

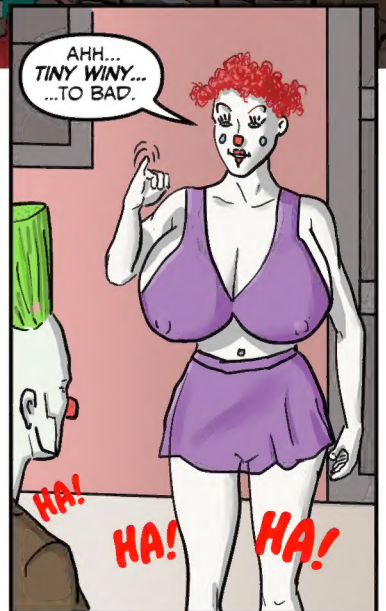
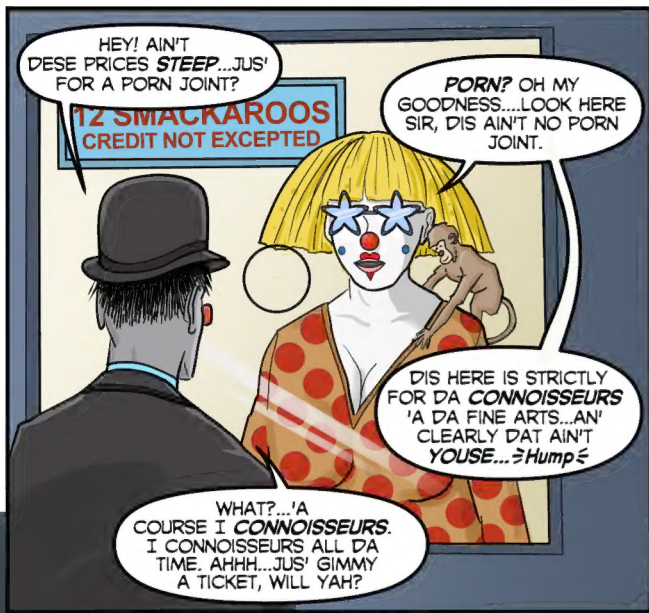
WE WAS IN TA ANY T'ING WHAT BRUNG
IN A **SWEET MACAROONY** OR TWO.

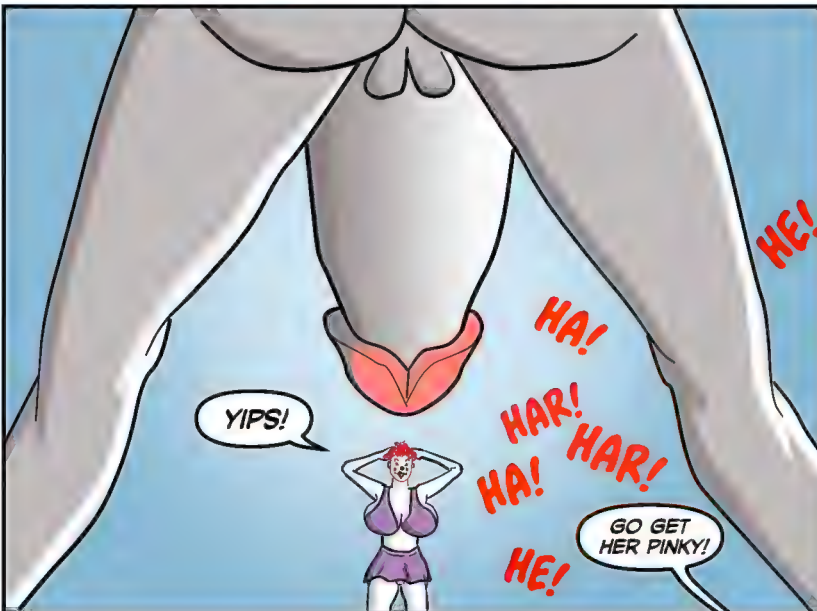














ERFF...ERFF...
ERFF...

BOINK
BOINK
BOINK

AHH, MY SWEET...
YOUSE LOVE
POETRY IS MUSIC
TA MY EARS.



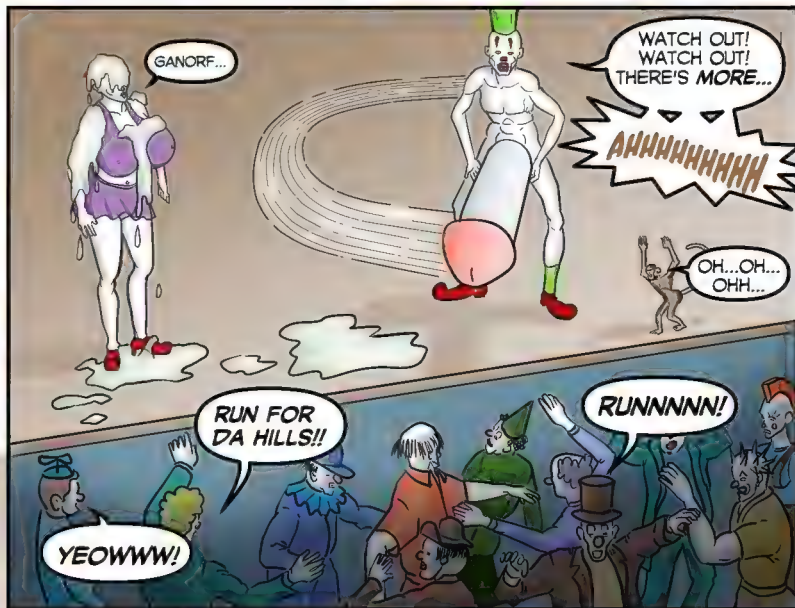
I HEARD PEOPLES BLABBERIN',
AN' I HEARD CLAPS AN' HOSANNAS,
BUT I COULD SEE NUTHIN' BUT HER.



OH! OH!
I'M GOIN' TA--

CUMMMMMMM

WHAT?, NO! NO!
...NOT YET!



GANORF...

WATCH OUT!
WATCH OUT!
THERE'S MORE...

AAAAAAAAHHH

OH...OH...
OHH...

RUN FOR
DA HILLS!!

RUNNNNN!

YEOWWW!

ARH! ARH!
ARHHH!

KABLAM

IT'S JUS'
CONFETTI...
HA! HA! HA!

YUCK...YUCK...
WHAT A PISSER.

HAR...HAR...
DE HAR...
JOKES
ON US.

MR. BANGWACKER,
OUR READERS HAVE
LONG BEEN FASCINATED
BY THE KLOWNS UNIQUE
EPIDERMAL ELASTICITY
AS WELL AS **BONE**
MALLEABILITY.

THIS IS
SOMETHING THAT IS
VERY ALIEN TO HUMANS
OR **RUBES** AS YOU
CALL US.

WE'RE
ESPECIALLY FASCINATED
BY THIS WHEN IT'S APPLIED
TO THE FIGHTING STYLE
OF THE **BLUB FOO**.

OR ARE THE
STORIES ABOUT BLUB
FOO'S JUST FOLK TALES
AND MYTHS.



YOUSE **BROUGHT** AMUSEMENT AN' MERRIMENTS, DA HAPPY GO LUCKIES WIT' NARY A CARE NOR WOE...

...DA SEEKERS OF **APPROVAL** AN' A FEW CRUMBS 'A LOVE DAT FELL OFF DA RUBE TABLE...

BLA! BLA! DA FUCKITY **BLAAAAA...**



DEN DA RUBES GOT TIRED OF YOUSE AN' DIDN'T WANT YOUSE NO MORE. DA DAYS 'A DA BIG RED SMILEY WAS OVER. YAH ALL **FLOODED** BACK TO K-TOWN...CIRCUS, RODEO, PARTY KLOWNS...ALL 'A YOUSE.

YAH HAD NO WHERE'S ELSE TA GO. NOW WE GOT'S TA **PUT UP** WIT' YOUSE MANGY ASSES.



I'M GLAD PIE FACE SENT ME D'OWN HERE TA SNUFF ONE 'A YAH HIGH **MUCKY-MUCKS!**

AHHHH... **NUTS TO YOUSE ALL.**

≡ **HICE** YOU JUS HAVE THE MOST **SPARKLY** D-DAY SIR ≡ **HICE**

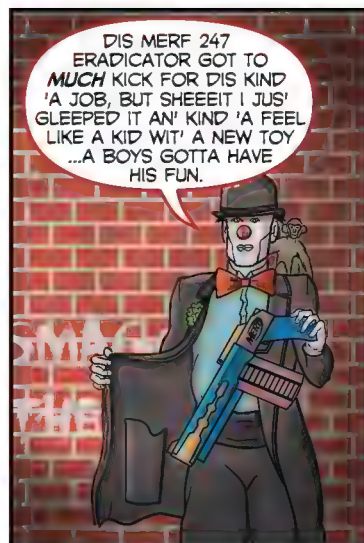


FEATURING THE BEST IN HOTSY TOTSIES

LOOKS LIKE DA **FUDGE PACKER** PARTY IS 'BOUT TA START



DESE TELESCOPED STILTS SHOULD **STRETCH** TA DA SECOND FLOOR ...EASY.



DIS MERF 247 ERADICATOR GOT TO **MUCH** KICK FOR DIS KIND 'A JOB, BUT SHEEIT I JUS' GLEEPED IT AN' KIND 'A FEEL LIKE A KID WIT' A NEW TOY ...A BOYS GOTTA HAVE HIS FUN.



I COULD'A DELT MYSELF IN TA DA GAME; DEN, JUS' PULLED OUT ROSCOE ON HIM AN'...**CURTAINS...**

...BUT DEN I WOULD'A GOTTEN ALL DAT CRY BABY CRAPOLA...

"NO... NO... **PLEASESSSE** SPARE MY USELESS TUSHIE. I GOT'S KIDS AN' A SICK OLD GRANDBIDDY, **WHAA...WHAA...WHAAAAA...**"

SOMETIMES DEY EVEN CRAP OR **SNOT** DEY SELVES.



SO WHAT'S GOING ON BREEZY? IS **HE** COMING?

I'LL JUS' **WAIT** OUTSIDE BY DIS WINDOW...

...LET HIM GET GOOD AN' **TANKED**, DEN **BANG SMACK**. HE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM...WHAT CAN I SAY, I GOTTA **BIG HEART.**

